

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
September 1938 **NEWS** "I Serve"





"Shepherd girls with their flocks come down from the high pastures on their way home to some little stone farmhouse under Etna's shadow." See "The Steep Road" on page 12

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The September News in the School

Glad to Be Back!

WAVING one another good-bye for vacation has given place to the first-day exchange of How-are-you's. The calendar has been turned from June to September—indeed, a new JUNIOR RED CROSS CALENDAR has been hung on the wall, "low enough for the pupils to read it." And the first issue of the 1929-1930 JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS is on your desk.

The latest family census will interest all members. On June 30, 1929, there were 6,878,423 elementary and high school pupils enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross, an increase over June, 1928, of 349,141 individual members. There were 30,780 elementary schools enrolled, an increase over 1928 of 3,393. There were 166,205 room memberships, an increase of 7,982. The paid circulation of the News (including individual subscriptions as well as room memberships) was 172,977, an increase of 11,084. The circulation of HIGH SCHOOL SERVICE was 8,387, an increase of 1,113. Nothing to shout over, and it has not come by shouting, or by mushroom stimulation, but by healthy contagion of the ideals of universal service and world-wide friendship. These figures are only for our own branch of the family. Effectual practice of the ideals continues to spread through an increasing number of nations.

A Classroom Index

SOME method of organizing the material in the News for reference throughout the year will be found a time saver. For geography, pupils or committees may assume responsibility for keeping card catalogue references to all articles, activities, and illustrations of given countries. Each month, new volunteers may be appointed as material on new countries appears. Another committee may keep notes on citizenship or service activities in the United States; another, on foreign activities; another, on "Fitness for Service." By some such device the usable material in each issue of the magazine will not be forgotten when it is pertinent to some unit of the course of study. Suggestions for using material in this issue follow:

Citizenship—Local, National, and World-wide:

"The Invisible Student," who neither neglected the call for disaster relief nor yielded his dream of an education; "Time for Christmas Boxes"; "A Swallow Tale," of a young tramp who worked his way around the world; "A Thank-You from Porto Rico," reward of service; "News of Overseas Juniors," and "From Coast to Coast," both giving variety of accomplishments; "Six Magic Dots"; back cover.

Geography:

Africa—"Bringing Our Animals Home," see book notes below, also.

Czechoslovakia—Front cover; "News of Overseas Juniors" (letter from Juniors at Kremesnik).

Italy—Frontispiece, "A Steep Road"; "News of Overseas Juniors" (exchange of letters between Sicilian and Swedish Juniors).

Latvia—"News of Overseas Juniors" (letter and description of floods).

Porto Rico—"The Invisible Student"; "A Thank-You from Porto Rico." Doubtless the "Typical Hut" described in one letter of this portfolio is similar to the home of the little hero who became an "invisible student."

Scandinavia—"The Finding of Wineland the Good," an entertaining and authentic background story both for Scandinavia and North America; "The Serpent of the Sea"; "News of Overseas Juniors" (exchange of letters between Sicilian and Swedish Juniors; activities in Malmö). See book notes on next page also.

Other Foreign Countries—"Time for Christmas Boxes"; "News of Overseas Juniors."

United States—"The Finding of Wineland the Good"; "From Coast to Coast"; back cover.

Fitness for Service:

"Bringing Our Animals Home"; "A Swallow Tale"; "From Coast to Coast" (life-saving activities); "Six Magic Dots" (story of Braille and school-for-the-blind activities); back cover.

History:

"The Finding of Wineland the Good."

Features for Young Members

"A SWALLOW TALE," begun this month, is a charming serial for young members. "Bringing Our Animals Home" will also interest them. "The Invisible Student" will be within the range of natural interest of many primary pupils. "The Moving Elephant" (editorials) provides entertaining handwork. The picture on the front cover is clear and simple enough in outline to be traced, cut out and colored, as costume paper dolls.

New Stories of Africa

GIRLS IN AFRICA, by Erick Berry, Macmillan Co., New York, 1928, \$2. After an introductory story of an English girl who had an exciting vacation with her parents in Western Africa, there are still more exciting stories about native girls. At least two of them, "Ashu and the Whirlwind" and "The Winning of Moy" should please

(Continued on page 3)

Developing Calendar Activities for September

An Activity to Begin on—Christmas Boxes

If Christmas boxes are to be shipped in time, work on them must be started soon. Ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman, or write your Branch Red Cross office, for the mimeographed instructions for packing Christmas boxes.

Gifts must be small enough to go in the official carton. Any of the following articles may be sent:

Sets of miniature toilet equipment such as unbroken packages of soap, tooth paste, talcum powder, toy wash basins.

Initialed wash cloths and towels in handmade waterproof containers like those used in traveling.

Sets of attractive school supplies like bright colored pencils, eversharp pens, pen holders and points, fountain pen, crayons, ruby pencil erasers, round ink erasers, centimeter ruler, arranged in a practical box.

Little memorandum books, diaries, calendars.

Toy padlocks or other patent locks.

Small flashlights.

Sewing outfits with such things as needle books, pin books, chamois skin needle holders, miniature work baskets outfitted with colored thread, patent darners, needle threaders, stamped embroidery sets or calico cats, dogs and dolls.

Collar and cuff sets, handkerchiefs, aprons, caps, handmade bead bracelets or necklaces, new neckties.

Tiny balsam cushions in pretty covers.

Playthings like little dolls with one or two changes of costume, wooden or wicker doll furniture, papoose in carrier, miniature canoes, tiny handwoven baskets, doll house rug, animal beanbags, puzzles that present no language difficulties, stencil sets, pocket knives, dominoes, tiddley winks, jacks, miniature baseball bat, miniature gardening implements or cooking utensils.

A brief message of greeting to the school that will receive the gifts may be included in each box if the pupils wish. Also, a return card, *with no postage, addressed to your own school*, may be enclosed as a means of acknowledgment. The following paragraphs from letters from the League of Red Cross Societies are repeated for their possible helpfulness:

"Foreign children enjoy the *unbroken* packages of miniature soap and tooth paste often more than the same articles in full size. These things should manifest a personal element of care and cleanliness. Little doll toilet equipments can be got up—the wash bowl, wash cloth, soap, talcum powder, tooth paste, complete with face towel. When wash cloths are sent in ordinary size, girls can make waterproof bags or holders of bright colors.

"School supplies should be prepared by the boys and girls in the way they themselves would like to have them, with the understanding that the children who receive them will appreciate the apparent care with which they are selected. Every box that is packed with this element of personal attention shows it the moment it is touched. It has a different sound even. The school supplies European children get are often of inferior quality and a nice outfit of pencil, pen holder, eraser (ruby pencil eraser and a round ink eraser), pen points, centimeter ruler, red and blue pencils—all arranged in a practical box made by the boys—is always a welcome gift.

"Anything in the way of patent locks on boxes will interest boy recipients. Electric searchlight lamps, batteries, etc., can also be relied on to please boys if they are packed with great care so as not to be broken.

"The American Red Cross has often called attention to the fact that nothing in the way of worn garments should be sent, that is, no worn socks, ties, hair ribbons. These still creep into the Christmas boxes occasionally, and cause the child receiving them great disappointment and the Red Cross embarrassment. Plain paper dolls cut from catalogs and fashion sheets, unless very well mounted and presented with some imagination, should be discouraged. The sending of any eatables should be avoided."

Short Stories of Sweden

SWEDEN'S BEST STORIES, translated by Charles Wharton Stork, W. W. Norton and Company, 70 Fifth Ave., New York, \$2.

There are few better ways of identifying one's own feeling and experience with those of other nations than by reading the other nations' literature. Translations like this collection of Swedish short stories make this fortunately possible for us all. This book will introduce pupils to some of the best literature of a literary nation, for the 22 short stories include selections from the great writers. It will teach a little of Norse mythology, opening an interest in further study, will deepen an understanding of Scandinavian life, and will confirm respect for the character of fellowmen of the North. Many of the stories have that silent effect on character and personality which results from fine association.

The book is adult, and you will want to select from it for younger pupils. Children of intermediate grades will enjoy most of the stories better if they hear them read aloud. Junior high school pupils will doubtless enjoy reading, and sharing with classmates through oral reports, stories recommended by the teacher. "Mother Malena's Hen," by Ahlgren, combines humor and poignancy, reminding us of our own O. Henry, while Topelius's "Pitch Burner" has a somewhat more gruesome humor. Elgstrom's "Out of Chaos," a fearfully painful story of war's aftermath, has high spiritual victory. Lagerlöf's "Legend of the Christmas Rose" is a beautiful application of the principle of redemption, as is also Strindberg's "The Stone Man." This last is the tale of a convict who, left scarcely human by years of physical hardship and spiritual starvation, declares of his crime of murder: "When I find a human being who does more than right I'll believe that I did wrong." Some one exclaimed: "More than right—that would be mercy!" The convict finds "more than right" in a child's conscious act of love. "This is mercy," said his own old broken voice."—One's mind keeps going back to the difficult truth taught here and works out a paradoxical formula: *Everything less than more-than-right is wrong.*

The courage exemplified in some of the stories is the kind hardest for young or old to accept, courage to live in what "The Golden Circle" describes as "no castle in the air . . . but a gray granite house of reality." It is found in "The Golden Circle" by Marta of Sillen and in "Karin" by Geijerstam. The beauty of it is a subtle thing, but it is not beyond the comprehension of a child's sympathy and will have its strengthening effect for a present or a future need.

Polish Fairy Stories

THE JOLLY TAILOR by Borski and Miller, Longmans, Green & Co., New York, \$2. The straightfaced conviction of these Polish fairy tales makes one sure that they may have been true. Some of them happened at rather definite times, "maybe one thousand years ago and maybe two . . . I was still a little boy." It is easier to accept the adventures of the "Jolly Tailor" for knowing that his beard had exactly one hundred and thirty-six hairs. There are frequent sly chuckles in such confidential remarks as follow the directions to turn around to the right 1,000 times before going ten paces to the left where the palace stood, "because it is the etiquette to make it difficult to reach the palace." You may regret the casual manner in which certain evil characters are beaten to death; and you may worry over the man who, through no fault of his own, is left climbing futilely skyward forever.

Besides an all-sufficient enjoyment, there are certain concomitant benefits in reading about the reformation from practical jokers into well-socialized helpers, of Cobbler Kopytko and Drake Kwak; about the warming of Princess Marysia's cold heart to the point where it melted an iceberg; about Majka's love that won friendship of birds and animals, and overcame evil human spirits. This is real fairy story stuff, charmingly told—and not all fairy story, either!

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

An Auditorium Period in a Model School

AN account of a Junior Red Cross auditorium period, conducted by the fourth grade of the training school of the State Teachers College of San José, California, was sent in last year by Miss Linfoot of the Pacific Branch office. The teacher in charge of the work was Mrs. Cecile B. Hall. The period was a model demonstration period, the more so because it was in no sense a "show" piece of work, but the logical outcome of sincere and intelligent use of Junior Red Cross materials daily. It is especially helpful at this time of year, when many schools are working on their special "Junior Red Cross" assembly.

"The hour was conducted entirely by the children (36 present, all wearing their Junior Red Cross buttons) before probably fifty student teachers. They had arranged an interesting exhibit on the platform, which included a large screen displaying the Junior Red Cross poster, a Calendar, and the membership roll, surrounded by a collection of pictures of children in foreign costumes, and two tables, one of which held exhibit material from the Branch Office and the other rag dolls in foreign costumes made by the children themselves and foreign articles brought from their homes.

"One little fellow was chairman for the occasion and stated briefly that the program had been planned as a special Armistice Day event, mentioned the aims of the Junior Red Cross and then turned the meeting over to the regular chairman for the month. The latter, a little girl, reported how they had enrolled in Junior Red Cross and in order to demonstrate how they had earned their buttons, called on three of the children to report their individual services. She then called on another little girl to describe the *Junior News*. This child turned the pages of the November number, summarizing each article, and also exhibited a number of foreign magazines.

"Another child was called upon to describe the poster and another described the dolls and articles on the tables, pronouncing without the least difficulty such places as Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, and in some instances easily locating them on the large globe on the platform.

Three Phases of Service

"One little girl described the Calendar, calling attention to the Upjohn pictures and to the three sections of suggested services. Under each section she called on various children to describe some of the things the class had done. Under 'Being Useful' [Being Friends] they had a service box into which they put money saved through denying themselves candy and gum for a week. This money they plan to use for some service to a Veterans' Hospital and had already written for suggestions. They had also made a few very attractive scrap books for children in local hospitals and they have a 'sick committee' which sends letters, cards, and flowers to sick classmates. There is also a thrift committee whose purpose is to encourage the members to save money, conserve material such as paper, pencils, etc. The chairman of this committee, in reporting its activities, told briefly about a letter in one of the *Junior News* from some Polish children telling about their thrift activities.

"Under the second section of the Calendar suggestions, 'Service to the World,' the children told about their Christmas boxes for Guam, one of them pointing out the island on the globe and briefly describing its geography and occupations. They then displayed a portfolio of School Correspondence which they had prepared in regular class work, each holding up a page and mentioning the contents and illustrations. One little girl showed three foreign portfolios borrowed from the Branch Office and from Los Gatos and read a few of the letters contained in them. They also told how they could learn about children in other countries by studying the pictures on the Calendar, by reading the *Junior News*, and even reading the newspapers. One little boy read a beautiful, original poem

entitled 'You and I,' which he was inspired to write after reading a letter from Roumania about the Roumanian flag.

"Under the third section of the Calendar, 'Fitness for Service,' four children reported what the class as a whole is doing to promote health. There is a health officer for each week whose duty it is to see that the school room is clean and well aired and to report to the health 'statisticians' the number of children away because of colds. This latter child keeps a chart showing the percentage of class membership absence because of this preventable illness. There is also a temperature monitor who keeps a graph of daily thermometer readings and one who from time to time checks up on health rules which are being observed.

"The closing feature of the program was a brief report of current news contained in the November *Junior Red Cross News* by a little boy who told about the West Indies hurricane disaster, pointing out the affected area on the globe and telling briefly how Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands had been acquired by the United States.

"The whole program was a true and thorough demonstration of the practical values of Junior Red Cross in the classroom. Even one entirely unfamiliar with the program could readily see this was no program or pageant prepared for this one occasion, but that it was part of the regular interests and activities of the children. They are living Junior Red Cross naturally and practically.

"Mrs. Hall believes every student attending the college should leave with some knowledge of the possibilities of Junior Red Cross."

"Friendly Things Other People Do"

THE special activity suggested for young members, this month, is the starting of a book of friendly things that they see other people do. The following story, sent by Miss Hendricks, the special Junior Red Cross worker in Indian schools, shows how successfully one teacher, Mrs. Stone of the Pocatello, Arizona, Day School used such an activity:

"A 'Good Deeds' poster in the back of the room recorded various deeds that the children had performed. They ranged all the way from 'I carried rocks for an old man' to 'I rubbed my uncle's back.' One child had helped his grandmother kill a mouse; another had carried the peaches out to dry, while still another had carried water for an old woman. Mrs. Stone told me how this poster came into existence. It seems when she first came to this school, the children had the habit of 'tattling' and each morning they came loaded with tales of what the other children had done. She asked them one day if they ever looked for the good things, and proceeded to place this poster on the wall—a blank paper with the caption 'Good Deeds.' She told the children to tell her the next morning what good deeds they had observed others doing—and the next morning there were none at all. However, the next day one boy reported seeing one of the children perform some service, and she wrote it on the poster. After that, the services began to grow, and the habit of tattling was broken up. She said the poster was old enough to take down (and it was quite full), but they were so proud of it that she left it up."

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boys quite as much as girls, with their adventure. The first one tells of how Ashu, by courage and cleverness, captured a famous thief, and with the reward was able to buy a coveted silk headdress. The second one tells how the tomboy Rimfa halted cattle when they were stampeded by a tornado and the scent of a lion, and thereby won the right to herd cattle instead of doing a woman's work. One or two of the others are of native courtship and marriage. All are written, as they should be, from the point of view of the heroines, and the background incidental to the stories is accurate and adequate—somewhat glamorous, but not sentimental. Better than most of the books about Africa, because it tells about native life, sympathetically, instead of about big game hunting.

Fitness for Service for September

THE device used throughout most of the Calendar pages this month is that of "taking an inventory" on the important points of health to be stressed. Material to develop the suggestions further may be found in your regular textbooks, the school course of study in health, the advice of school or community doctors and nurses, and on this page.

Checking Up in One Fifth Grade

The manner in which the monthly check on weight, habits of personal hygiene, and community citizenship were all interwoven in a Fifth Grade class was shown in the following report:

"Each child had his own weight chart, the scales were balanced, the Junior Red Cross President was in her place ready to put the big red dot in the 'March' square and draw the line connecting it with the 'February' dot.

"Well known and sufficient reasons for all losses were found except for five boys. When the boys were questioned an embarrassed silence fell upon the room. At last some one said, 'These boys have been smoking!'

"Smoking? Where can they get stuff to smoke? Where do they go to smoke? Why has it made the weights go down? What can we do about it?" These questions all came out as the nurse dismissed her well-planned lesson to meet this immediate problem.

"ERNEST: 'I know how they get their smokes. They have to tell a lie about it. They have to say it's for their grandpa or uncle or father.' Absence of denial from the five accused boys seemed to prove Ernest's assertion true.

"MAY: 'I know something worse than that! Some of the boys pick up half-smoked stubs they find on the street.'

"Many children speak up at once and say that is true. A discussion then follows of the grave danger of several diseases from such a filthy practice. Tuberculosis, recently studied by this grade, would easily be contracted in this manner. Scarlet fever, which was prevalent, is another 'mouth' disease, and could be 'caught' by smoking a stub a 'carrier' had thrown down. The children contribute far more than teacher or nurse to the general discussion, while the accused five sit in uncomfortable silence.

"CLYDE: 'Well, I know if I smoked and my parents found it out, I can tell you it wouldn't be good for me.'

"LEONA: 'I think their parents ought to be told.'

"This was put to vote, carried, and the President and Secretary of the Junior Red Cross delegated to write the letter, which was to be signed by them, by the teacher, and by the nurse.

"ARLIE: 'I think their names should be taken from the Junior Red Cross Roll because they have broken their pledge.' This was voted.

"ERNEST: 'Couldn't some one see the stores that sell tobacco to boys under sixteen years old and tell them to quit?'

"It was voted that the Nurse see the Chief of Police and request that notices be sent to the offending storekeepers regarding the sale of tobacco to minors.

"One of the boys got up and said: 'Everything that's been voted about us is all right, but I don't think the letter ought to go to our parents.' All five felt the same but the vote stood.

"The next day the following letter, composed by the two officers of the Junior Red Cross, was mailed to each parent:

"DEAR PARENTS:

"All the children in our grade are weighed every month. This month five boys lost weight. Your boy was one who lost. We always try to find out why, and we found it was because these boys had been smoking.

"We know you do not want your boy to smoke and we voted that this letter should be written to you so you can help us make our grade 100 per cent. We are not 100 per cent unless we are up to weight and are passing in our work.

"These five boys who have lost weight this month are doing poor work in their lessons, so you see the two go

together. We should like to have you visit our school room and see what good work we are doing.

"Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) *President,
Secretary,
Teacher,
Nurse.'*

▲ Number of Important Points

SOME time ago, the British Red Cross Society sent a Junior Red Cross "Health Guide" to its Links—as Junior auxiliaries in England are called. The statement of some of the important points to be remembered is pointed. You may wish to refer to this not only in rousing interest, but in connection with later pages of this year's Calendar:

PERSONAL CLEANLINESS includes a clean body; clean skin, hands, nails, teeth, hair; and clean digestive organs. *Therefore*:—A Bath: Daily if possible. Hands: Wash always before meals. Nails: Keep trimmed and clean. Teeth: Cleanse regularly morning and evening. Hair: Brush well and often. Digestive Organs: Must be clean too. Drink plenty of fresh water, especially morning and evening. Choose fresh food, such as milk, vegetables, fruit, butter, eggs, porridge, whole meal bread. Avoid tinned or preserved food when fresh food is obtainable. Chew your food well.

CLEAN AIR. Stale, used-up air is harmful. *Therefore*:—Windows open, top and bottom, night and day. Seek the country, parks and open spaces, rather than crowded rooms and places. Breathe deeply and through your nose.

SUNLIGHT. Is a tonic and a disinfectant. *Therefore*:—Let sunlight enter the places where you live and work. Remember that ordinary window-glass cuts off a valuable part of the sun's rays, and that the morning sun is especially wholesome.

EXERCISE. Exercise strengthens you, clears your body of impurities, and your mind of cobwebs. *Therefore*:—Exercise every day in the fresh air. Games if you like, but walking, running, bicycling, swimming, rowing are all good; and if you can manage a brisk rub-down or a bath afterwards, so much the better.

REST. The muscles need rest; the brain must have regular and sufficient sleep. *Therefore*:—Early to bed and early to rise, and thus be up in time to enjoy the morning hours, for then the air is fresh and the sunlight invigorating.

POSTURE. Man is meant to be an upright animal. *Therefore*:—Stand straight and sit straight. Keep your head erect and look the world in the face.

PREVENTION OF INFECTION. You must also do your best to prevent the spread of infection. *Therefore*:—Do your part in banishing dirt, dust and flies, the allies of disease. Never mix with others if you think or know you may be a danger to their health because of infection. If in doubt consult a doctor or clinic. Hold a handkerchief over mouth and nose when coughing or sneezing. Keep such things as pens, pencils and fingers out of your mouth. Keep your hands away from your face.

THE MIND AND THE BODY. The only truly healthy person is one who has a Healthy Mind in a Healthy Body. *Therefore*:—Think first of others; help them to be happy; and you will find happiness.

Books Received

THE ROAD OF HEALTH TO GROWN-UP TOWN. Health Readers, Book 3, by Lummis and Schawe, World Book Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.

GUIDE FOR A HEALTH PROGRAM. Health Readers: Teacher's Manual, \$1.24, by Lummis and Schawe, World Book Co.

The third grade Health Reader continues the attractive-looking series begun last year. The Teacher's Manual is designed to supplement the material given in the Health Readers or to provide a course of study that the teacher can follow even though she is not using the Health Readers.

The Invisible Student

ELIZABETH KNEIPPLE VAN DEUSEN

Illustrations by Blanche Greer

DURING all his ten years Pedro Silva had lived on the coffee plantation where his mother and father worked as coffee-pickers. The only connection with the outside world that he knew of was the narrow, winding trail over which the plantation owner and his family came on horseback to the ranch. Along it, too, Pedro's father sometimes went to the highway leading to the distant town of Las Marias; but young Pedro had never gone as far as the end of this trail.

The greatest event of the year was the arrival of the plantation owner with his wife and their two children, Isabel and Carlos, to spend the summer vacation at the big plantation house. Pedro's chief delight was to hear these children tell about their life in the far-off metropolis of San Juan, and better still, about their experiences in that most magical place, school. Pedro's dreams about school were far more wonderful than most men's dreams of paradise.

Then one summer the family failed to come. They had gone, it was said, to the United States, that almost mythical land across the ocean to the north. But Pedro did not mind their not coming so much, because that summer was marked by a still greater event—the building of a highway. He heard about it long before he was able to find it among the mountains. As it drew nearer he watched the fascinating operations from the top of a hill, much too awed by the strange people, the automobiles and the steam roller to go nearer.

After it was finished, Pedro sat for hours at the roadside. Where could so many automobiles, motor trucks, and passenger buses come from? Where were they going? One day he and some of the other boys decided to walk to the end of the road, but though they went far and saw many new people and unfamiliar landscapes, the sinking sun sent them homewards without their having reached their goal.

"Where have you been, Pedro?" called his father, when the weary wanderer appeared. "You missed something. While you were gone some men came to the plantation, who said that



Ramón was willing enough to lend Pedro his books, though he could not see why a boy who could not read should take so much interest in them

the government is going to build a school only three miles away from here."

Pedro forgot that he was tired and disappointed. For this was the greatest news in the world.

As he watched the building of the simple, one-roomed school it seemed as if his castle of dreams were rising before his very eyes. Then came a shining oak desk and chair, thirty small seats and desks and a bookcase. Pedro tried to imagine which seat would be his. Not long afterwards there came a young lady, beautiful to all the mountain girls because of her yellow silk dress and her prettily combed black hair, but beautiful to Pedro because of her swift and sympathetic smile. Peeping through the window, he saw the teacher sit down at the big desk. He thought Señorita Alameda was like a queen on her throne.

Everyone knew that school was to begin the following Monday. Nobody talked of anything else. Pedro wondered if he had not better sleep on the schoolhouse porch, so as to be sure of a seat; for there were not enough for all the children of the neighborhood, and the first comers would have the places.

Alas for him that he did not do it! Monday

morning, by the last light of the moon and the first ray of the rising sun, Pedro sped along the wooded path towards the school. He was well on the way when he heard a faint cry behind him. And there was his tiny brother Alberto running after him and crying, "I want to go to school! Wait, Pedro, wait! I want to go to school, too!"

"Go back, Alberto; go back!" shouted Pedro breathlessly.

"No! No! No! Wait for me, Pedro; wait, I want to go! I want—O-o-o-oh, Pedro!!!"

At that last cry of fear and pain, Pedro halted quickly and looked back. Alberto had disappeared. Pedro retraced his steps anxiously, calling, "Where are you, Alberto?"

At this point the narrow path through the thick grove bordered a deep ravine. With his heart in his throat, Pedro peered over the edge. He heard a faint, piteous moaning. Because of the dense shade of the towering trees protecting the precious coffee bushes, he could not see his little brother.

"I am coming, Alberto," he called. Slipping, sliding, grasping at roots and branches and the trunks of the giant tree ferns, soiling his clean clothes, Pedro somehow reached the bottom. "Where are you, Alberto?"

"Here, Pedro. I can't stand! Oh, my leg!"

Alberto's leg was hanging limply. It was broken. The older boy looked around the narrow, steep ravine in desperation. He couldn't possibly climb out with Alberto in his arms. He would lose precious minutes if he ran back home for help. Besides, Alberto was afraid to be left alone at the bottom of the ravine. Pedro cried again and again for help, but received no answer. The minutes were slipping by so fast. Probably even now it was too late for him to get to school before all the seats were filled.

After an agonizing wait, Pedro heard footsteps above. "Help! Help!" he shouted.

"Who is there?"

Pedro recognized the voice of his friend Ramón. "Oh, Ramón, Alberto has broken his leg. Please come and help me carry him out."

"And be late for school? And lose my chance for a seat? I am sorry, Pedro, but I just can't do it. I will tell the first person I meet to come and help you, though." And Pedro heard Ramón hurrying on at a run.

There was nothing to do now but dash home for help, leaving Alberto alone. More precious minutes were lost while Pedro reassured his little brother. Then, choking back the sobs, he struggled out of the gully and ran as fast as his legs

would take him back to his hut. Once there he told the story of Alberto's plight to his mother, then darted off towards the school as swiftly as a lizard. But the sun was quite high when he reached it and, though there were still many curious persons in the school yard, their faces plainly told Pedro he was too late. Every one of the thirty seats was already occupied. He crept away so that no one should see his tears.

Although he was not enrolled, Pedro hid each day in the coffee grove until he heard the bell ring. Then he stole out and crouched under the open window, trying to hear all that went on inside. Oh, if he could only see!

Beside the building grew a big mango tree. One morning, arriving at the schoolhouse before any of the others, Pedro climbed this tree and crawled out along the strong, broad limb that shaded one of the windows. From below he was entirely hidden by the foliage. When the casement was opened, he discovered that by parting the leaves he could easily see inside the school-room.

Every day after that, Miss Alameda had an invisible pupil. Pedro nailed a board to the limb, and there he lay at full length, too absorbed in the class to notice aches and cramps. He did not miss a word that was spoken and soon understood all that Miss Alameda wrote on the blackboard. All of the pupils were beginners, and, as usual in the first grade in Porto Rico, the lessons were taught in Spanish, while oral English was a separate subject. English fascinated Pedro most of all. He easily remembered the strange new words. He even learned the pledge of allegiance to the beautiful red, white and blue banner which one of the boys raised over the school each morning. Alone in the depths of the grove he practiced it aloud.

Pedro felt so grateful to Miss Alameda that he began to slip little gifts to her. Once he risked his neck climbing after a butterfly-orchid fluttering from the very top of a giant *ceiba* tree. Another time he brought a polished Indian hatchet—his most precious possession. Again it was a dainty nest abandoned by a tiny *reinita*, and still another time it was a basket of luscious crimson *fresas*, the beautiful mountain raspberries that grow in but two places in the world—Porto Rico and India. Miss Alameda wondered about these mysterious presents, for the other children brought their gifts in person. But no amount of questioning brought the answer.

Ramón was willing enough for Pedro to look at his books, though he could not see why a boy who could not read should take so much interest

in them. That was how, before happy-go-lucky Ramón had reached page twenty-five, Pedro had read the entire primer!

One morning, when Pedro had been hiding in his perch in the mango tree for nearly a month, Miss Alameda announced an English contest. She lined the children up on opposite sides of the room—fifteen on one side, fourteen on the other. Ramón was absent. In his thoughts Pedro took his place in the shorter line. The teacher explained that she would either point to an object or say a Spanish word. The object was to be named in English; the word was to be translated. As soon as a student missed, he was to sit down. The contest proceeded briskly. Pedro on his tree limb grew more and more excited.

Miss Alameda pointed.

"Desk," said Luisa.

"Good," thought Pedro, for he liked Luisa.

"Gato," said Miss Alameda.

"Cat," answered Lupe.

Miss Alameda pointed again.

"Horse," said Rafael promptly, and everybody laughed, for the teacher had pointed to the chair.

Finally there was only one left on each side. Pedro nearly fell out of the mango tree in his excitement.

Then, all of a sudden, Miss Alameda turned and seemed to be pointing directly at him. His breath stopped until he realized that she could not see him. The girl on the opposite side thought and thought. Finally she gave up. The class was nearly bursting with suspense. Would the last boy standing be able to answer, or were both sides to fail? The boy shifted from one foot to the other and scratched his head while his face got very red. Finally he threw out his hand and started to sit down. Oh, it could not be! Almost without knowing what he was doing, Pedro shouted:

"Tree."

Astonishment and alarm were written on every face. Even Miss Alameda looked amazed. Amid

a complete silence she came to the window. "Who is there?" she asked.

Well, it was no use trying to hide. "Pedro Silva," replied a small voice, and the children saw a pair of tanned legs dangling down from the thick green foliage, followed directly by the familiar figure of their playmate.

"What does this mean?" asked the bewildered teacher.

Pedro, his face scarlet, stood unable to answer a word. All the children crowded to the windows.

"Oh, I know what it is," cried Luisa. "Pedro



Miss Alameda led Pedro to the vacant seat. "You may have Ramón's place," she said

was so anxious to come to school that he hid in the mango tree!"

Though Miss Alameda could scarcely believe this, she soon learned that it was true. Now she understood, too, about the pretty gifts. There were tears in her brown eyes as she led Pedro to the vacant seat. "I don't believe Ramón will come any more, for he never studies and does not seem to appreciate school. You may have his place," she said. "With a little review, you will catch up quickly."

But Miss Alameda found to her surprise that her "invisible pupil" had already gone far beyond all of the others! And when the supervisor came to visit the school, she pointed out Pedro at the head of the class!

Bringing Our Animals Home

WILLIAM M. MANN

*D*R. MANN, who is head of the National Zoological Park in Washington, D. C., set out for Africa on an expedition to collect more animals for the Washington Zoo. After several months' work the party was ready to start home, and Dr. Mann tells the following story of escorting nearly two thousand birds, beasts and reptiles from Tanganyika Territory, on the east coast of Africa, to Boston, U. S. A.

WE HAD three camps, in different parts of Tanganyika Territory, where live animals were captured and kept. When the time came to start home we assembled the three collections at Dar-es-Salaam, on the coast. Most of the animals were brought in by rail in cars with "T. R." painted in large letters on the side. This stands for "Tanganyika Railroad," but it always reminded us of our big game hunting President. The railroad brought the cars right to the wharf, and the Customs officials permitted us to unload them into a large shed, open at both ends.

Our ship was several days late in sailing, and we had a lively time during the wait. Hundreds of Swahilis, Hindus, Zanzibar Arabs and others crowded the wharf, bent on seeing our animals, until the city gave us a guard of eight native police, who cleared the place in short order. Then we established regular visiting hours and for

three days conducted a branch of the National Zoological Park on the wharf in Dar-es-Salaam, with visiting hours from two to five in the afternoon, a police force, night watchman, and guards to prevent feeding and poking the animals! It was the most popular place in the city, although one day a cobra escaped from its box and hid beneath some of the packing cases, and visitors were rather scarce for that afternoon. We

caught it and put it back in the box, and after that we nailed up all of the snake cages.

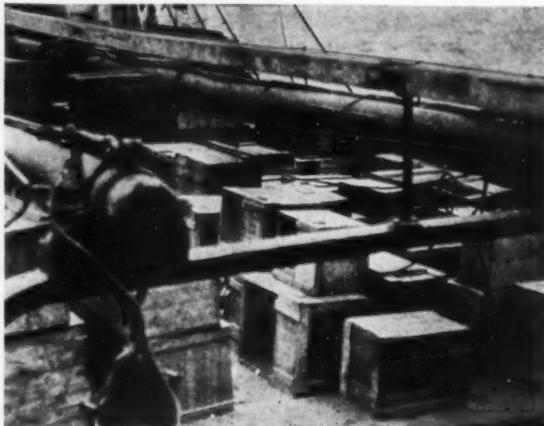
When our ship arrived we loaded the stock. A line of a hundred natives carried the boxes to the pier, and modern derricks hoisted them aboard lighters that took them to the ship, which was anchored off-shore. There the process was repeated. It is hard on one's heart to see a crate with a delicate and nervous antelope in it shot into the air. But so carefully were the animals handled by the native stevedores that not a specimen was hurt. It took the best part of a day to load, for we had to have supplies for the animals, too. There had to be provided, for each day, bales of alfalfa, a bale of native grass, a hundred and fifty pounds of fresh beef, fifty pounds of sweet potatoes, fifty of boiled rice, an equal quantity of Indian corn, half a bag of kaffir corn, two bunches of bananas, a dozen pumpkins, two cases of condensed milk and an assortment of other foodstuffs. A small herd of

African humped cattle were brought aboard to supply beef.

We could return to America by sailing up the East African coast, with long stops in the sweltering heat of harbors; by way of the Cape of Good Hope, with too great a chance of encountering cold weather; or by way of Ceylon. As the last route took little longer than the others, and was mostly on the open sea, we selected that. Our ship

was the *Crewe Hall*, a cargo boat on its way to the East Indies and with scarcely any other freight aboard.

Once aboard the ship, we made arrangements with the second chef to cook food for the animals and with the second butcher to do the carving of the meat. We took along two native boys, Saidi and James, selected from the hundreds we had had in the field as being the best caretakers



"Deck cargo. As we neared the Sudan Coast, the weather grew hotter and hotter. We kept everything on deck"

of animals. On the morning of the first day out, both boys, who had never been to sea before, were lying on the deck motionless, one of my companions was in bed with a towel around his head, the other was merely wishing he could die. With seventeen hundred birds and beasts to be fed, things looked pretty hopeless until the chief engineer rolled up his sleeves and went to work putting bird seed into dishes.

Fortunately, too, there were two *topis* aboard. Many of the crew were Hindus, but the *topis* are the only caste of the Hindus who will do janitor work, so these two helped in cleaning up morning and evening.

After all had recovered from seasickness—even some of the monkeys were sick—each day was much like the others. We divided the collection for care. Stephen took the seed-eating birds, Freddie the small mammals and meat-eating birds, Saidi the big cats, the hyenas, the hogs and the porcupines, and I the antelopes and monkeys. We started in the morning by preparing the food. I always stayed out of sight until I had everything ready for the monkeys. At sight or sound of me all seventy of them would start shrieking and kept it up until breakfast was put into the cage. So, simply because they were more disagreeable than the rest, the monkeys got served first.

It took eleven days to reach Colombo, where we had to tranship the animals to the *City of Calcutta*, due to sail direct to Boston. We had spent our night in Colombo visiting the native bird stores, which were kept open especially for us. Not a great many specimens of Cingalese birds and animals were to be had, but we got a hundred cinnamon finches, a cage of green fruit pigeons, a cage of purple-faced monkeys, a palm civet and a burlap bag jammed with turtles. One native got us excited by telling us of a Malay friend of his who had a tiger cub, but when brought aboard this proved to be a baby leopard with a bad case of rickets, which its owner wanted to sell to us for enough to have bought a baby elephant.

As we neared the Sudan coast, the weather grew hotter and hotter. We kept everything on deck and cut rations to prevent the animals from getting too fat.

At Port Said we picked up a pair of Moor monkeys that some sailor had



A giraffe arrives at the port. Most of the animals were brought in by rail

brought in from Java. In the market we saw thousands of quail, the migratory quail of the Old Testament, which are gathered in nets in Egypt for export to European food markets. We bought a cageful, intending to feed them to the animals, but decided to bring them on to Washington instead.

As soon as we were out of the Suez Canal the weather turned chilly and nine-tenths of our animals had to be shifted again. An enormous empty coal bunker right in the center of the ship, and reached by a shaft thirty feet deep, seemed best for the pair of giraffes, so derricks were put up and the two huge crates let down. On clear days we could leave the hatch off and let a few hours of sunlight below. Saidi slept between the crates, and talked to the giraffes when they became uneasy. The shoebill stork was there, too, and Saidi would reason with it in Swahili. "Why," he would ask, "don't you open your mouth when I bring you food, instead of keeping it closed then and opening it to bite me when I clean your cage?" This shoebill worried us a lot. For the first four days it ate not a bite of the fifty pounds of fish we had in cold storage for it. One day it would take a bit of beef, then some lung, then the next day nothing. Later on it took to eating chickens, and we fed it on those we had brought from Africa. Finally it went back to its original diet of fish, on which it is still living.

In the forecastle-peak we had our reptiles and meat-eating birds. Two side coal bunkers held the monkeys,



The dinkie takes a drink

antelope and small mammals, while the leopards and hyenas and large birds covered the after-hatch. In shipping animals something always escapes, because the cages are not as well made as they should be or because some one leaves a door open. One evening while I was at dinner Saidi rushed in and told me the wart-hogs were out. On deck three of them stood in a group, very uneasy in the strange environment. When we opened the door of their cage all except one of them actually rushed back into it.

Then the deck hands, all Mohammedans, to whom the touch of a pig is contamination and who also object to having their legs ripped open by the wart-hog's tusks, climbed down again and resumed work on the deck.

We found the missing wart-hog at the end of a dark passage, hidden beneath a wheelbarrow, and arranged a box for it to run into. Then I threw a lariat over the wheelbarrow and pulled it aside. The hog darted out, but, instead of running into the box, jumped through an opening to the stoke hole. There were thirty feet of steel stairs and he reached the bottom in three bumps. One can imagine the surprise of a stoker, feeding the furnace thirty feet below deck, when a live wart-hog suddenly drops from above and begins running about. I thought the animal would be completely smashed up and shouted down, "Is it dead?" It took the stoker who answered a moment to put his thoughts into English; then he replied, "He has come!" When we got below, the stokers were hanging

to the sides of the hold like clusters of grapes, and the pig had the center of the floor. We got a rope about its neck, put it into a bag and returned it, apparently unhurt, to its companions.

It was twenty-one days' direct sail from Port Said to Boston. Nothing happened, except our zebras, which we had caught and led over a one hundred-and-fifty-mile trail in Africa and which were quite gentle and apparently healthy, caught pneumonia and died. Yet the zebra is a hardy animal, and there was every chance and expectation of getting ours alive to Washington. On the other hand, the impalla, a most nervous and delicate antelope and unusually difficult to ship, traveled very well indeed and all five of them arrived in good condition.

Three days of heavy storm on the Atlantic gave us considerable worry, but the cages were securely lashed, the animals had become good sailors, and the giraffes were intelligent enough to lie down during the worst of it. There was war in China and there were other world events about which we had daily wireless messages, but nothing interested us so much as the daily report of the temperature in Boston. One day it fell below fifty and we gave up hope. The next day it rose again and life seemed worth while. When we finally landed, the day was just comfortably warm. A light rain kept curious crowds away, and waiting on the pier was a welcome sight: the men who were to take over the task of unloading and shipping our collection to Washington!

Time for Christmas Boxes!

IF A TRANSCONTINENTAL flier should fly low, this month and next, over all the schools he saw, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, shut off his motor and listen, he would probably say to his mechanic, "H'm, I wonder what is going on down there? I hear the most extraordinary hum and bustle, even in the smallest buildings."

"Why," the mechanic, if he were really well informed, would reply, "that is the American Juniors at their Christmas boxes! Don't you know that they have nearly a hundred thousand of them to get ready for overseas steamer dates in October and November? Children in eighteen European countries, in Japan and Turkey, in Porto Rico, Haiti and the Virgin Islands, the Canal Zone and Guam will have these little cartons by Christmas. Even the children in the



There's a reason for the "hum and bustle." These Juniors of Green Street School, Lansdale, Pa., like other Juniors from coast to coast, are busy working on their Christmas boxes



Juniors of Athens, Greece, who received Christmas boxes from the United States, passed their presents on to the small patients in the Preventorium at Voula

leper colony of the Philippine Islands will have some as they did last year, and this year, for the first time, the children of a leper colony in Hawaii and a school in Samoa will be remembered! No wonder there's a hum down there!"

"WELL," some of you Juniors may say, "this is just a made-up story about the boxes, but wouldn't it be wonderful if a plane would take us everywhere, to see the children receiving them?"

If you had flown over Wloclawek, in Poland, last Christmas, you would have seen some of your boxes at the party the Junior Circle there gave for 140 poor children:

"At one o'clock in the afternoon," they wrote afterward, "the large hall of the Fire-Brigade, which had been kindly offered us, was filled with the little ones, who looked with the greatest curiosity at the tall and prettily trimmed Christmas trees, while they waited. At last the happy moment arrived. The children took places around the tables, where tea, rolls, sausage and sweets were prepared for them. After the tea, and when they had sung some carols, there appeared Santa Claus in the hall, carrying a big basket of gifts. Now the excitement of the children reached its highest point and their eyes shone with happiness as the gifts were distributed. A

part of these had come from the American Christmas boxes. . . . Finally at five o'clock the children returned to their homes, joyfully carrying their presents."

In Estonia, too, the Juniors have taken up the idea of giving gifts themselves to bring joy to children. So when the American boxes arrived they added such presents as dresses, boots, suits, books and different kinds of food. At the Estonian parties "all the branches in the country," a report says, "had the opportunity to make great Christmas joy under the lighted Christmas tree, having themselves a greater happiness seeing those lucky faces."

Very different from the cold Christmases the boxes found in Europe, though the tree was just as important, was the celebration under the palms in Guam, described in this "thank you" note by a little girl in Aguana:

DEAR NEW FRIEND:

I thank you for your Christmas present. I was very glad when I received it. From now on I want you to be my friend. I found in your Christmas box many beautiful things, such as dolls, handkerchiefs, story books and so on.

Before Christmas day the eighth grade boys went out to cut down a Christmas tree. They put it in the middle of the plaza and decorated it with many beautiful things. On Christmas Eve all the school children came to sing Christmas songs, and they were all very happy. I wish you could have been here then.

A Swallow Tale



Old Grannie-Swallow examined Chip and said: "Yes, you may go with us. Our friend Percy Whiskers will take care of you"

I. THE DEPARTURE

ONCE upon a time—it was in the year 1928—there lived a little black and white swallow in a nice, warm, snug nest, in a nice, warm, snug stable somewhere in England. She was the youngest of five children. Her name was “Chip,” but her fond parents always called her “Baby,” which gave them an excuse to spoil her terribly.

That morning her family was preparing to take a long journey with all their neighbor swallows to the warm African countries, where the sun shines all the winter long and there is never, never any snow. Chip felt very proud because she had just learned to fly and could go quite a long way now. She darted out of her home stable to frolic around; but her mother, who was bathing in the water-trough near by, called out to her: “Baby, don’t go away just now. I see that old Grannie-Swallow who leads all our flights is collecting everyone on the telegraph wire, and as soon as she thinks the weather is right she will order us to leave. It may happen any minute, and I am too busy washing your brothers to run everywhere looking for you; so stay around here.”

But Chip wanted very badly to go over to the marshes, where she knew she would find plenty of exquisite, juicy gnats to eat. So she waited till her mother’s back was turned and “pffuit!” she flew off in a moment.

She had so much fun by the marshes that she

ANDRÉE D'ESTRÉES

Illustrations by Wynna Wright

stayed away a long time. Suddenly noticing that the clouds had become pinkish, she realized that the sun was going to bed and that she must go to bed, too, so she hurried back to her home.

Alas, when she got there, her family was nowhere to be seen! All the swallows of the countryside had flown away to the South, and here she was all alone! She felt very downhearted and also rather sick, for she had eaten far more gnats

than were good for her. While she sat thinking sadly about what to do next, she fell asleep.

Next morning, she heard a loud concert of “cheep-cheep-cheeps!” outside, and there was another group of swallows who must have come from somewhere farther north. A big, handsome swallow, with a very white waistcoat and wings so shiny and black that they were almost blue, caught sight of her and asked her: “What are you doing here, little one? Why didn’t you leave with your family?”

Chip told her story piteously. “Do please let me go along with you, Mr. Swallow,” she said. “I shall surely die of cold if I stay in here all winter, and I am too young to travel alone.”

“Well, I must ask the old Grannie-Swallow who is leading our flight to Egypt. She may let you come along.”

The Grannie-Swallow examined Chip and said: “Yes, you may go with us; we like to make friends with strangers. But I expect you haven’t yet been taught what swallows should know, and that is, we have a duty to perform on our trips; we must help the world to go round.”

“How funny that sounds. How is it done?”

“You will soon find out,” said Grannie-Swallow. “Our friend here will take charge of you and tell you what to do. He is called Percy Whiskers because he always looks so smart and tidy and his mustache is as long as a pussy-cat’s.”

They all flew off on the journey together. They flew over green fields, and red-roofed villages, and ugly, smoky, gray towns, until Chip's wings ached. Then they came to a big patch of green water, and when she thought she would surely drop, they flew on even faster. Chip had never seen so much water. She thought this was surely an ocean.

Suddenly there passed above them a huge, shiny bird, that made a terrific, roaring noise. Chip was petrified with fright. If she had had teeth, they would have chattered. Her companion turned to her and said: "Don't be afraid. That's only a new kind of bird called an airplane. It is quite harmless, but very clumsy, and must have extremely poor eyesight, for it will fly right into you if you don't get out of the way."

At last they reached land.

"Is this Africa?" asked Baby.

"Oh, dear me, no! This is only the north of France. The sea we crossed was the English Channel; it runs into the Atlantic Ocean."

They soon stopped in a vegetable garden. A man stood digging in it and three small children with fair, curly hair were busy picking green, fuzzy caterpillars off a row of cabbages nearly as big as themselves, with bits of wire twisted like big sugar tongs.

The village postman was passing the garden gate and he stopped to have his daily chat. Chip and Percy Whiskers listened to the talk. "Good morning, Father Victor," said the postman, "and how goes the health today?"

The man stopped digging, mopped his forehead with an immense checkered handkerchief, and gripped his hip with one hand to rest his tired back. He had been digging so much since he was quite a boy and he was so used to stooping over that he could no longer stand straight, but remained a little twisted like a very old willow tree. He looked up at the postman with shrewd, twinkling blue eyes, his head tipped to one side like the head of a curious magpie.

"The health, she goes so-so, thank you; but this garden gives me no end of trouble. Not only have the caterpillars eaten my best cabbages, but now a new kind of small green bug is eating all my spinach. Look! It is riddled with little round holes. Nothing I can do will rid me of them, and if most of my vegetables are spoiled, I won't have any to sell at the market, or even enough to feed my family

this winter. Last year it was slugs in the salads, and next year it will be sparrows in the strawberries. Look at those birds now, swooping down in my garden; they will eat everything! Shoo! . . . shoo! Away with you!"

The postman stopped him: "They won't eat your lettuce, Father Victor; they are swallows. Don't you see they are gobbling up all your green bugs?"

"Why, so they are; well, I am pleased. One would think they were doing it on purpose. They are almost intelligent enough to be human!"

Father Victor did not notice that one of the swallows was smiling, opening its beak wide and showing all the pink inside. It was Percy Whiskers, who said to Chip: "Come on, stop eating; you have had plenty. These beetles have a nice nutty flavor, but their shells are tough and indigestible. Besides, we are only eating them to help this gardener. Grannie-Swallow calls what we are doing now destroying pests and also gardening, because we are protecting plants. It is a very bad habit to overeat, you know; it simply is not done. People will be taking you for a mere canary. Four good meals a day are enough for anyone, and they should always be taken at regular hours."

So they flew away again and crossed France.

(To be continued in the October News)



Father Victor had shrewd, twinkling blue eyes. Chip and Percy Whiskers stopped to listen to the talk

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*September brings the golden-red,
She brings the golden grain,
And starry asters in the woods,
And marigold's bright stain.*

—SUSIE M. BEST.

THE STEEP ROAD

The Story of the September Calendar Picture

TO WHAT does the road lead? To a tiny walled town in the clouds, called Mola. The road starts on the seashore. Halfway up it stops to draw breath in the lovely town of Taormina. Opposite, Mt. Etna bulks against the sky, calm and white, with just a wisp of smoke floating above its snow cap. The road runs on through the one long street of Taormina, between little shops filled with oranges and great brown loaves of bread and tomatoes and cauliflowers. There are dainty braided hats, too, and windows full of jewelry and painted carts and chairs. But the road runs on up the mountain, steep and toilsome to the end. Along the way grow olive, almond and lemon trees. There are vivid patches of grain on terraces cut like shelves from the hillside and retained by stone walls. Shepherd girls with their flocks come down from the high pastures on their way home to some little stone farmhouse under Etna's shadow. At last the road reaches Mola and comes to an end in the central square. Mola was built on this mountain top for safety long ago when everyone was at war with his neighbors. It was an advantage

then, for the enemies of Mola could not take it by surprise. But now the little town is out of the world and very poor. All the good land is below. The sea is far away. A little brushwood gathered on the mountainside, some wool or goat skins—these are all its people have to exchange in Taormina for flour and cheese and oil.

—A. M. U.

THE TALES THE EAST WIND TELLS

The East Wind whispers tales to me;

It tells of ships afar at sea,

It sings of Vikings long ago—

The wind is very old, I know.

It tells of sea gulls shouting loud,

Of twinkling stars and sailing cloud.

The East Wind whispers of the Sea,

And calls: "Oh, come and go with me!"

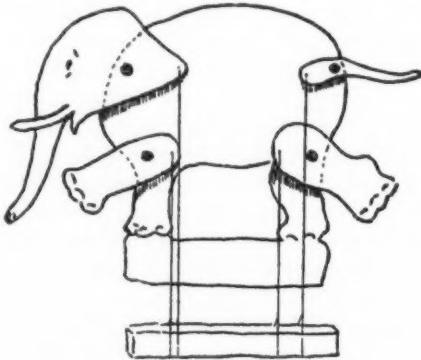
—FOURTH GRADE, HOLLY HILL, FLORIDA.

In the *Florida Journal of Education*.

THE MOVING ELEPHANT

WHEN we saw this moving elephant in the *Children's Newspaper* of London, we thought it would be an amusing thing for Juniors to make for sick children in hospitals, so we are passing on the picture and the directions:

"Draw the body of an elephant without a head or tail, and with one leg at each end. Then cut out separately a head of the shape shown in the picture, a tail, and two legs. Fasten these all to the body with tiny paper fasteners in such a way that they will move round easily.



Then attach cotton threads to each and fasten these to a strip of cardboard. By moving the cardboard up and down the head and tail will wag and the legs kick out. It is important to fasten them in exactly the positions shown, so that when the thread pulls them up they will fall back by gravity.

"The elephant should be painted a dark grey, and the eye drawn in."

The sea was not a barrier but a highway to the Norse Vikings



Their dragon ships were stronger than the caravels of Columbus

The Finding of Wineland the Good

The story of how, nearly five hundred years before Columbus sailed to the New World, two bold Vikings came to our shores

ELLEN McBRYDE BROWN

WHEN Leif, the son of Eric the Red, returned in the summer of the year 1000 to his father's home in Greenland, he had much to tell. For months he had been in Norway, the "Old Country" for his kinsmen of Iceland and Greenland. At the mighty feast which was spread in the great hall at Brattahlid to welcome him home, Leif told of how he had been honored at the court of the Christian King Olaf and how he had been converted from the worship of Thor and Odin to the King's faith. The two priests who had come back with him in his dragon ship had been sent, he explained, to spread the new teaching throughout Greenland. The priests, said Leif, must have brought him luck on his homeward voyage. For as he neared the coast of Greenland, he had found the two other strangers, who were now with him, clinging desperately to their wrecked ship and had rescued them.

Then some one at the long table raised his

foaming goblet and shouted, "Leif the Lucky!" And so Leif Ericsson was christened in mugs of mead while the whole company applauded long and loud.

But a much more wonderful story was to come. Leif told of a new land he had discovered. From Norway he had set his course straight for Greenland, though the usual route was by way of Iceland. His ship had been driven all about and he had finally bumped into a strange shore. There he had seen vines loaded with grapes and patches of "self-sown wheat" and fine trees that would make splendid timber for the ships and buildings of treeless Greenland. He showed specimens of all these things and said that he had named the new shore Wineland the Good.

As the days wore on, Leif found himself growing restless. Although his mother and most of her household took quickly to the new religion, Eric the Red held out against it. He was not pleased with Leif for having brought over the



Whether Wineland the Good was Newfoundland or Nova Scotia or New England we do not know

priests. Besides, Leif's mind was still upon a certain dark and beautiful princess, Thorgunna of the Hebrides. He had met her when his ship stopped at the islands on its way across to Norway, and, though she was of higher station than he, she returned his love, and when he was ready to sail she said she would go with him.

No wonder Thorgunna was willing to step down for Leif of Greenland. The old historical record says he was "a large man and strong, of a noble aspect, prudent and moderate in all things." Maybe Thorgunna thought him much too prudent on this occasion, for Leif dared not take her with him. Her kinsmen disapproved of the courtship, and he had not enough men to oppose them. So he had given Thorgunna a golden ring, a heavy woolen mantle of Greenland homespun, and a belt of walrus teeth, and had sailed away without her.

It was natural, too, that the thought of his discovery should be much in Leif's thoughts. So that autumn he and his brother Thorstein sailed to the south for Wineland the Good. The sea was not a barrier but a highway to the Norse Vikings. Their dragon ships were stronger and more seaworthy than the Spanish caravels of Columbus's voyagings five hundred years later. They had sailed out into Baffin's Bay and the White Sea and down to Algiers and Constantinople. Therefore the ocean did not frighten the two bold sons of Eric, though it defeated them this time. Such storms beset them that they had to return to Greenland.

Here Leif the Lucky steps out of the story and another gallant Norseman takes the leading part.

One autumn day about five years later, two ships from Iceland sailed into Ericsfirth, the harbor of Eric the Red. Heading the expedition was Thorfinn Karlsefni, a young man of noble birth, strong and brave, who had grown wealthy by his trading voyages. In Iceland he gathered fish, oil, butter, skins and wool, some of which he took to Norway to exchange for meal and malt and fine fabrics, and some he traded in Greenland for whale oil, eiderdown and the skins of seals, foxes and white bears to add to his stores. Eric and his household rode

down to the ships to buy.

Karlsefni, quick to notice a lovely face, saw in the crowd a golden-haired girl who seemed to him the most bewitching he had ever beheld. And well he might think so, for this was Gudrid the Fair, the widowed daughter-in-law of Eric. Her beauty was famed throughout that region and her heart was as sweet as her face and form were beautiful. Bowing, the gallant trader begged her to help herself to anything that might take her fancy.

Winter was no time for voyages, and it was customary for the chief men of Iceland or Greenland to insist that traders touching their shores in the fall should stay until spring. So Karlsefni promptly accepted Eric's invitation to settle down for the season at Brattahlid. That winter, says the old record, "there was great merry-making at Brattahlid; there was much playing at draughts and making mirth with tales and much else to divert the company." There was a wedding, too, for Karlsefni asked Eric for the hand of Gudrid the Fair, and they were married before the spring came.

One of the favorite tales at Brattahlid was the story of how Leif the Lucky had stumbled upon Wineland the Good. All were fired by the thought of it, and in the spring, some seven years after Leif's discovery, Karlsefni headed an expedition to the southward. In all, one hundred and sixty people sailed out of Ericsfirth that spring day. Gudrid and five other women went with them and they carried livestock, too, for Karlsefni intended to found a colony in Wineland the Good.

After a long sail to the south, the ships touched

a shore where there were so many flat stones that the voyagers named it Helluland, or Slate Land. They pushed on down the coast, stopping at an island so thick with birds that it was hard to step between the eggs. Finally they set up their camp at a spot where a great river entered the sea. Along it were vines and fields of self-sown wheat and brooks teeming with fish.

One morning after the Greenlanders had established themselves, there came strange men in canoes, brandishing staves, "with a noise like flails." They were "swarthy men and ill-looking and the hair of their heads was ugly. They had great eyes and were broad of cheek." After staring curiously at the newcomers they turned and rowed away to the south.

Karlsefni and his men built wooden huts and stayed at that place all winter. They marveled that there was no snow and that there was abundant pasture for their stock. Here Snorri, the son of Karlsefni and Gudrid the Fair, was born, the first white child to be born in the New World.

When spring came the colonists had another visit from the "swarthy and ill-looking men," whom they called Skrellings, or "savages." At first the Skrellings were peaceable and traded wonderful skins for strips of bright scarlet cloth which they bound about their heads. But in the midst of the trading Karlsefni's bull burst out of the woods with a great bellow that frightened the savages nearly out of their wits. Next time the Skrellings came, they showered arrows on the Greenlanders, killing some of them.

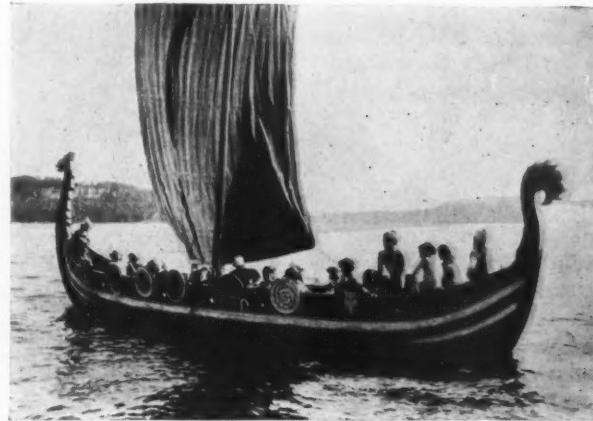
Discouraged by this, the colonists gave up that

settlement and moved to a place farther north. There they passed a winter full of disputes and worries. Snorri, the son of Karlsefni, was only three winters old when the disheartened colonists took ship and sailed away for Greenland. Karlsefni and Gudrid lived at Brattahlid until Eric died, and then returned to Iceland, where their descendants are living today.

So ended the story of the Norsemen in America. For more than four hundred years the New World was left to itself, unknown by the rest of the earth. But the tale of how Wineland the Good was discovered by Leif the Lucky in the year 1000 and how a colony was started there by Thorfinn Karlsefni continued to be told in Iceland and Greenland. About two hundred years before the three brave little Spanish ships sighted new land, a descendant of Karlsefni and Gudrid the Fair set it down in a beautiful white vellum manuscript, "The Saga of Eric the Red," which is preserved to this day. And when in 1477 Columbus voyaged to Iceland because he had heard rumors of the Vikings' discovery, the story was told to the great navigator, not as a legend but as a piece of history. Geographers and historians dispute about such matters as whether Wineland the Good was Newfoundland or Nova Scotia or New England and whether the "self-sown wheat" was wild rice or Indian corn and whether the Skrellings were Eskimos or Indians. But for more than two hundred and fifty years the Norse expeditions to the New World have been accepted as facts of history. Leif the Lucky, son of Eric the Red, and Thorfinn Karlsefni are as real as Columbus and Cabot.

The Serpent of the Sea

THIS Viking ship, with its large black and orange square sail, was built by nineteen boys and Mr. Charles Kinney, their director. In it they sailed from Winnetka, Illinois, to Adventure Island, their camp on the shores of Lake Michigan—a distance of three hundred miles. The "Serpent," which is a close reproduction of a famous old Viking ship found buried in Norway, is thirty-six feet long and carries a crew of thirty boys.



—FROM "PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION"

THE sturdy crew landed at Adventure Island wearing burlap costumes and hempen wigs and carrying great round shields. There, during six summers, the campers have cleared the wilderness, built living quarters and a harbor, made a playfield, built water and sanitary systems, boats and a dock. There is no "hired" help. Every activity is shared by everyone on the Island, and a person is rated by the quality of his service.

A "Thank-You" from Porto Rico

A YEAR ago this month the hurricane of San Felipe's Day swept over Porto Rico and across to Florida. In less than a week, the whole country was sending money for the relief of the storm sufferers to the Red Cross, the agent of the American people for work of this kind. We have told in the News the story of the big share the Juniors of the mainland had in this relief. You remember that from money contributed by the Junior Red Cross of the United States \$5,000 was set aside to supply books, pictures and playground equipment to wrecked schools in Florida and \$37,500 to pay for school lunches and seeds for school gardens in Porto Rico. That is a proud chapter in Junior Red Cross history and one that you may well like to recall.

After the school children of Aibonito, Porto Rico, had had a chance to recover from the shock of the hurricane, they made a most attractive album to express their appreciation for the help that had come to them from the mainland. It was decided that the album should go to the Juniors of Prince Georges County, Maryland. This is a small county, with no large towns, but the schools there had sent in for the West Indies Hurricane Relief Fund more than \$170.00, the largest contribution from Juniors in their state.

In their letter of greeting the Aibonito correspondents said:

"DEAR AMERICAN FRIENDS:

"The main purpose of this letter is to introduce our album, which all of us think and hope will please you. Its sacred mission is to bear the message of our deep gratitude to the helpers of the island of Porto Rico. It is the unanimous voice of the Juniors of the schools of Porto Rico, who want to offer it to you as a humble and plain tribute to their American friends who willingly, guided by their humanitarian ideas,



This drawing of a Porto Rican hut came on the cover of an album which the de Hostos School in Vieques, P. R., sent to a school in Wisconsin

helped us in this critical period of misfortune.

"Herein we are enclosing pictures and descriptions of how the island was before the terrible cyclone and how it looked just afterwards, which will help you to form a clear idea of the fierceness of the cyclone which swept our island. Also there is some original work; there are poems and compositions, sincere

expressions dictated by the impulses of our hearts.

"We shall be greatly pleased to continue this correspondence, for we are sure you will like to have unknown Porto Rican friends and we also like to have unknown American friends with whom to carry on a correspondence that will serve as a means of intimate relation between your people and ours."

Porto Rico's Coat of Arms

One of the letters told about the coat of arms of the island:

"Every country possesses, besides its flag, a coat of arms, which, like the flag, represents the country and its people. Porto Rico's coat of



A group of Aibonito Juniors. Those marked wrote letters in the album. They are: 1. Guillermo, 2. Heftali and X. Jaime

arms is based on a decree of Ferdinand and Isabella executed at Burgos, Spain, on the eleventh of December, 1511. This is the explanation of its symbols: F and I stand for Ferdinand and Isabella, rulers of Spain for whom Columbus claimed our island when he discovered it in 1493;* two crowns for the two rulers; a yoke to show they were united in marriage; a bundle of arrows in sign of conquest; devise of Saint John because Columbus named the island in honor of Saint John the Baptist [it was Ponce de Leon who gave it the name of Porto Rico]; Jerusalem crosses may be in token of the dream of Columbus, sailing westward, that he could reach the Holy Land and redeem the Holy Sepulchre; the castles stand for the domination of Castille and Leon; lions are the sign of sovereignty."

A Typical Hut

Pedro Silva in Mrs. Van Deusen's story might have lived in the typical hut described in another letter of the Aibonito album:

"If you wander across the valleys, walk up the mountain paths of my beloved island; if you stop for a moment at the top of a hill, you will see in the distance a little hut, the beloved place of the Porto Rican poor people. But don't go away until your eyes have been delighted by that rustic home of the hill people. If you are a poet, bend your knees and call for inspiration to sing with happiness to that sweet, sweet home of the country dwellers, as Howard Payne did to his.

"When you enter this hut, you will see in a corner a hammock, where the father may rest from the constant toil of the day. In another part is the stone mill for grinding corn. Then you will see hanging from a nail a guitar and a *guicharo*, the native instrument made of a gourd with grooves cut in it. The cuts are rasped with a wire brush by the serenaders, and bands of musicians go about at holiday times singing the native songs and playing for the dances Porto Ricans love.

"Another curious thing is a small cross in the bedroom adorned with flowers. This hangs from the side wall of the hut, which is a kind of plank made from the broad stalk of the royal palm. Before it all the family gather at seven in the evening to

*In the January, 1928, News there was a letter from Porto Rico giving some of the history of the Island.



A new highway in Porto Rico must often be bewn through solid rock. Were these the builders that Pedro watched?

thank God for the blessings enjoyed during the day.

"Now we go to the kitchen. There you will find spoons made of the bark of the fig tree. The water is kept in big calabashes, or gourds. You will notice that the salt is kept in small baskets over the fire and the fire over which the cooking is done is in a sort of earthenware dish. There are a few stones in the dish so that a cooking vessel may be set upon them above the fire of charcoal. One of the things one notices in the mountain country is the smoke of the charcoal burners. Sticks and twigs and fallen limbs of trees are burned underneath a covering of turf, and smolder along until the charcoal is ready to be taken out and sold to the housewives.

"Now you have observed all the house, but you have not seen the garden. Behind the hut you will find a little piece of ground all planted with banana plants, *yautias* and other vegetables, which are the principal foods eaten by the country people. The *yautia* is a plant with a very big leaf and with a kind of potato-like root, the part that is eaten. It is the same as the *taro* plant of the South Seas.

"When you depart, you will hear the polite and happy 'good-bye' from the dwellers in the hut; you will smell the perfume of the wild flowers surrounding it; and you will feel in your heart the kind hospitality of these Porto Rican people."



The seal of Porto Rico

News of Overseas Juniors

TO THE LATVIAN JUNIOR RED CROSS COMMITTEE:

Many, many thanks to you for the hot dinners which you let me have. I am an orphan; my father was lost in the World War, and Mother was killed by a train. When I was six years old I was adopted by strangers. They themselves are in need, for my foster-father is blind and lives by basket-weaving.

PETERIS STIENS, who wrote this letter, is one of the children of Latvia who might not have lived through last winter, following the months on months of dreary floods, if it had not been for the timely help of the Juniors. Peteris is himself a Junior, but probably he had never realized before what his organization could do. Thousands and thousands of hot lunches and sometimes other meals were served in the school-houses to 13,000 children who came cold and hungry, in wretched shoes and garments, over wet, muddy roads or in boats. For in some parts the waters were very slow in going down and fresh rains kept making matters worse. It was not unusual for many children in a room to be coughing and feverish. But in a short time family after family received little packages of children's shoes and clothes sent in by other Juniors whose homes were still high and dry, and then little Janitis or Peteris or Eriks could come to school warmly dressed.

Ordinarily a Latvian home-stead in autumn is a picture of abundance and plenty. The apple tree bends its heavy branches to the ground, asters bloom, the barn and house are stored full of good things. But last year, when hay-time came, there was no need to sharpen the scythe, for there was no grass to cut. The apple tree stood in water and the flower beds were nowhere to be seen. To get to the barn their fathers had to use a boat. Sometimes the cattle were taken on a raft to higher ground, but this was troublesome and required the help of several neighbors. Father and Mother looked careworn and anxious and the children grew pale and thin.

Looking back on those hard months now, the Latvian children are thankful the floods are

over, thankful there was a Junior Red Cross to help, and thankful, too, for the \$500 from the American Juniors' National Children's Fund, which we told about in last May's News.

JUNIORS of New South Wales furnish and equip blind soldiers' tea rooms. In Austria at least one group buy all their tooth brushes for their health campaigns from an institution for the blind which makes them. Members of one group of Junior Boy Scouts in Hungary take turn about giving three hours of their spare time daily to reading to blind people and escorting them about the city.

Then Juniors help to organize blind pupils, especially in Poland and Hungary. These Juniors earn their service funds by knitting wash cloths and dust rags, making brushes and brooms and weaving baskets and straw slippers for exhibitions and sales. Or they give concerts or

take part in contests. For instance, the Juniors of the Deaf and Blind Institute in Warsaw, Poland, not long ago won the second prize in an essay contest and received a football with a bell in it, so now they can play out-of-doors games.

HEARING how the Swiss Juniors send fruit every fall to mountain schools high in the Alps, the Austrian Juniors decided last September to send gifts of fruit to schools in their Austrian mountains. Among the first to get theirs off was the secondary school in Obernberg am Inn, Upper Austria, which sent a shipment to Embach, a little village in Salzburg, where the children had no fruit at all.

THE Czechoslovak Juniors at Kremesnik, near Pelhřimov, wrote last fall:

"Our school stands 767 meters (about 2,516 feet) above sea level, and so gardening is very hard work for us. Besides, our garden is on rock foundations, so to improve it we must carry turf from a long way. However, we now have a nice, if small garden. We grow vegetables in half of it, which the pupils take home, and in the other half we have flowers and seeds. The seeds we pass on to neighboring schools. In spring we rear seedlings which the Juniors take to their home gardens."



The Victorian Junior Red Cross has this Christmas card for sale. Copies can be purchased for twenty cents a dozen through the Australian Red Cross, 46 Latrobe Street, Melbourne, C. 1, Australia



The camp at Bela Tcherkova. Above is the playground; at right, some of the campers are helping the camp cook.



WHEN the dirigible *Italia*, returning in May, 1928, from its trip over the North Pole, was wrecked on an ice floe near Spitsbergen, a Swedish meteorologist, Prof. Finn Malmgren, though himself injured, helped Captain Alberto Mariano, an Italian member of the crew. Later Malmgren died of exposure. Seven others of Gen. Nobile's party were also lost. Last winter some Sicilian Juniors thought of a way to send a message to Malmgren's mother. Here is the letter they wrote and the reply from the Swedish Juniors who delivered their message:

Mirabella School for Boys,
Catania, Italy,
January 26, 1929.

DEAR COMRADES:

In continuation of our school correspondence we decided that we would write to you this year. The ill-fated polar expedition and the heroic death of your brave Malmgren decided us.

We, too, born in Sicily, lost Dr. Lago. May God bless these sacred souls!

We beg you to call on the mother of Malmgren and give her a tender kiss of love and gratitude from us for the affectionate care he gave to our Mariano. We have the photograph of this hero which we cut out of the newspapers to put in the classroom.

This year has been an unusually cold one and yesterday we saw snow, which is rare in our country. We have nearly nine hours of daylight—do you?

We anxiously await your reply and tenderly embrace you.

Your very affectionate comrades of
THE FIFTH GRADE OF THE MIRABELLA
SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Sturegatan 38,
Stockholm, Sweden,
March 6, 1929.

DEAR FRIENDS:

We thank you cordially for your letter. We took your greetings to the mother of Malmgren and she was very happy to hear from you and asked us to send you a photograph of her son and their house. We are very happy and proud in Sweden to have been able to show you our friendliness and to have had the honor to rescue Nobile.

We, too, have had a very severe winter. We use the centigrade thermometer and at present it registers 25 degrees below zero. We love the snow because of all the different sports. In summer we go sailing on our big lakes or around the coast.

We live in Stockholm, the capital of the country, which has been called the Venice of the North because it is situated so beautifully on several islands. We often hear about your country. Our Queen, who is ill, has a villa at Capri and is in Rome now because the winter is milder there. We are quite familiar with your composers, and we saw Gracia Deledda when she was here last year for the Nobel prize.

We send you affectionate greetings.
FREE JUNIOR GROUP OF STOCKHOLM.

FOLLOWING the great earthquake which tumbled down many of the buildings and houses of Philippopolis, Bulgaria, the city was unbearably hot and full of dust. So the Bulgarian Juniors started a summer camp in the mountains near Bela Tcherkova for children whose parents could not otherwise get them out of the city. Juniors in all parts of the country helped. Most of them had little money to give, but they sold hand work and added gifts from Greece, Jugoslavia, Boston and elsewhere until they had a good sum. Soon in the midst of magnificent pines, more than 5,000 feet above sea level, and not far from a fine old monastery, the camp began to grow. Two big tents and one smaller one went up first, then a kitchen and dining room, and last of all came all kinds of supplies, and shoes, clothes and tooth brushes for the children. Many of the children came on foot, though it was a twenty-one mile trip. Soon their shouts and laughter were reechoing in the pines and the dreadful earthquake seemed only a bad dream.

THE Anna and Eva Bunth School at Malmö, Sweden, reports that there are now 141 Junior Red Cross members in the school and that they have raised 1,156 crowns to give to the Junior Red Cross summer colony at Höör, to the Children's Home at Jämtland and to the earthquake sufferers in Bulgaria.

Six Magic Dots

Just one hundred years ago, the blind Frenchman, Louis Braille, invented his alphabet which has opened new worlds of thought and scattered the gloom of loneliness for thousands of sightless persons



Louis Braille

A CENTURY ago, to be blind meant to be utterly cut off from many of the greatest joys of life. The blind man was entirely dependent upon the good nature of those about him for the faintest inkling of how the world appeared. To be blind will always be among the saddest things that can happen to any one,

but, thanks to a remarkable invention, life has been greatly enriched for these people. Though they can not see sunsets or flowers or the faces of their loved ones, they can enter all that wonderful world of life and thought conveyed to the mind's eye through books. With their marvelously sensitive hands they can read the stories told them by the various positions of six raised dots known as the Braille alphabet.

The man whose name this system bears was himself blind. He was Louis Braille, a Frenchman, born in 1809 near Paris. He was the son of a harness-maker and from babyhood was used to seeing his father at work. One day, when he was about three years old, Louis grasped an awl in imitation of his father. But the instrument slipped and put out one of his eyes. Sympathetic inflammation followed in the other eye, and the boy was soon completely blind.

When he was ten, Louis became a pupil at

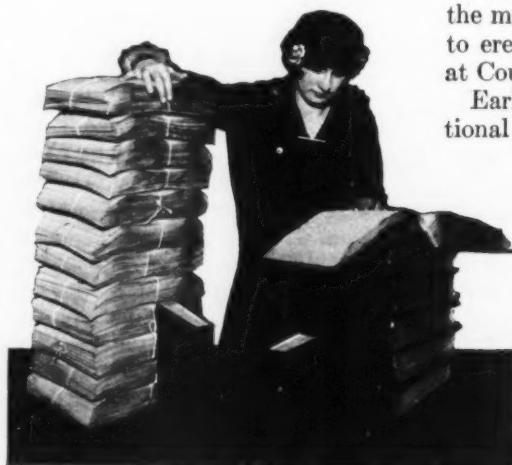
the Paris School for the Blind. In addition to his school studies he learned to play the organ so well that he was later appointed organist in a Paris church.

Before Louis Braille left school he began to seek a method by which the blind could both read and write. He continued his search when he returned to the school as a teacher and at last came across a system invented by a retired artillery officer, Monsieur Barbier, which he revised and greatly improved. As he was a musician, he naturally thought of all it would mean to others like him to be able to read and write music; so he adapted his system to include this great field of art.

Like many other inventions, Braille's work did not meet with immediate approval. The school authorities would not allow him to teach his method except unofficially and out of school hours. It was not until 1854, two years after his death, that the Braille system was officially adopted in the Paris school where its inventor had been pupil and teacher.

But if Braille did not come into his own during his lifetime, his work has gone on since his death, carrying its benefits to countless thousands of afflicted people in many lands. A school for the blind outside Paris has been named for him, and the French nation raised the money by public subscription to erect a statue to him in 1887 at Coupvray, his birthplace.

Early this year the British National Institute for the Blind asked musicians throughout Great Britain to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the invention of Braille, one of the greatest inventions of man. It requested that choral societies everywhere give public performances of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" to help the work of the Institute. Music is especially appropriate for



It takes many pages to say in Braille what will go in one page of print. So a Brailled edition of any book becomes several volumes, as you can see in this picture

the celebration because Braille was a musician. And Mendelssohn's "Hymn" is particularly fitting because it was composed to mark the fourth anniversary of the invention of printing. Braille's system, founded on those six magical dots, does for the blind what Gutenberg's printing did for persons with sight.

Braille's alphabet has been adopted in all the countries of the world, and modified to meet the needs of every civilized language. But the progress of this great work has been, of necessity, slow. Until very recently printing in Braille was done entirely by hand, and this method still prevails in many places. But machines have been invented to speed up the work and lessen the labor until now, at the printing house of the American Braille Press in Paris, for example, a new rotary press turns out 12,000 pages of Braille in an hour. This machine is a real international benefactor, for it is serving not only in English-speaking countries, but in France, Belgium, Italy, Roumania, Jugoslavia and Poland besides. Unfortunately this kind of printing is still very expensive.

An interesting thing about this large-scale printing in Braille is that the people found to be best adapted for certain parts of the work are themselves blind. At the big printing house in Paris two-thirds of the work is done by sightless persons. The embossing of the large zinc plates is a very important process in Braille printing, and the blind, with their highly developed sense of touch, do this better than people with sight.

Today the blind have at their disposal books of all kinds, newspapers and periodicals. An apparatus has even been invented to reproduce cross-word puzzles in Braille!

In various countries members of the Junior Red Cross have for some time been doing things in behalf of their blind comrades. Hungarian Juniors in schools in Budapest learned to write in Braille in order to copy books during the vacations for pupils in the School for the Blind. Italian Juniors in a school in Turin gave up their Thursday morning holidays to learn Braille and, with the help of a teacher, copied books for the Home of Blind Children. Juniors in a girls' school in Belgium were so moved by an exhibition of work of blind people that they determined to learn Braille. Some one has volunteered to teach them, and plans are under way for the purchase of the necessary tools. Polish Juniors collect all their old copy books and send them to the Institute of the Blind for Braille writing.

These Junior Red Cross members in other countries must be older boys and girls, for Braille



Representatives from eight junior high schools of San Francisco, the Washington School of Redwood City and the president of the Berkeley Junior Red Cross visited the California School for the Blind in Berkeley

writing is too difficult and tedious for the younger ones. In this country, a great deal of Braille transcribing is done by grown-up volunteers of the American Red Cross working under Miss Hoyt, who, blind herself, is in charge of the splendid work for the blind being done at the great Library of Congress. One of the very best of all these Red Cross volunteers is Mrs. C. J. Watson, who lives in Madison, New Jersey. Her special interest is doing beautiful Braille copies of Miss Upjohn's "Friends in Strange Garments" for Junior Red Cross groups to give to children in some institution for the blind. She does not charge anything for her time or work. All the Juniors have to do is to pay \$3.00 for materials and binding. It takes thirty-eight days for an expert Braillist to do the little book which in Braille becomes three big volumes. Arrangements for having the book Brailled have to be made, of course, through the Junior Red Cross Chairman of your Red Cross Chapter. Already Juniors in fifteen states and the District of Columbia have sent one or more copies to institutions for the blind and others have been ordered by groups here and there throughout the country.

Each copy contains the Junior Red Cross book plate and goes with a friendly letter, so that it becomes a truly personal gift. When the Cranford, New Jersey, Juniors sent the book to children in the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston, they asked that Juniors of Boston be chosen to go and present the gift for them. Juniors of Salem, Massachusetts, have given money for binding books for children in Perkins and have sent selected books in Braille to blind children in the Philippines.

To be sure, it has taken a century for Braille work to get well under way, but public interest is stimulated and progress is now rapid.

From Coast to Coast



Representatives of 6,000 new Juniors in Howard County, Ind., met in Kokomo to organize a Council. Donald Furst was one of two Juniors to address the meeting.

(By the way, we must ask all Juniors never to write directly to the Indian schools. If you wish to write or send anything, have your teacher or Junior chairman make arrangements through the National or Branch offices).

A JUNIOR secretary at the Leetonia School, Carson Lake, Minnesota, wrote:

Our room has one hundred per cent membership in the Junior Red Cross. We are glad that we are all members.

We have collected sixty-five cents for the Service Fund. The children earned this by running errands and, instead of spending all the money, giving some of it to the Red Cross.

John Turkovitch is chairman. I am secretary. John Turkovitch read the pledge to the room. He told us about the Service Fund. I made out the report. All of us now have our Red Cross pins.

Yours sincerely,
KATHERINE RUKAVINA,
Secretary.

TO CALL attention to the summer Life Saving courses to be held at ten pools or beaches of the county from the first week of July through August, the Westchester County,

THE beginners at the Rice Indian Boarding School out in Arizona earned the right to sign the Junior Red Cross membership roll by providing geraniums for their windows. They had admired the bright flowers in the window boxes in another room and decided to bring pennies until they had enough to buy some for their room. They insisted that their teacher should not send for the geraniums but should "go to town and choose them."

New York, Junior Red Cross held a poster contest last spring. On May 18, when Juniors from 27 schools came to the Wilson School in Mount Vernon for the annual meeting, the posters were exhibited and twelve medals from the Westchester Recreation Commission were presented. Three New York artists were the judges. There were 150 posters, all made in the art classes and all very original and interesting. The best three from senior high schools, junior high schools, intermediate grades and primary grades received prizes. The first prize winners are shown on this page.

After the meeting the posters were put up in the different towns all over the county.

The Westchester meeting gets better every year. Four hundred Juniors came that Saturday afternoon last May, chosen because it was World Good Will Day. They sang the Red Cross Life Saving Song, had a report of county activities from a sixth grade Junior of Port Chester and then heard from one of the two high school delegates who had lately attended the National Convention in Washington. The guest of honor was Mr. A. L. Schafer, your Associate National Director, who told stories of Juniors throughout the United States and in Europe, Japan, Australia and Africa. After a delightful three-act play by the Ninth Grade of the Wilson School, everybody consumed a great deal of ice cream and cake. The cakes had all been made by the domestic science classes of the Mount Vernon schools.

TOWARD the end of school last spring the Utica Junior Red Cross arranged two Swim Weeks in local pools. Beginning May 20, fifty-

two boys were allowed to leave school in the afternoons for the pools and on May 27 forty-five girls started their lessons. Only children who could not swim and who stood high in their classes could go. Twelve won Red Cross swimmers' buttons, and the others became interested enough to go on.



Blue ribbon artists of Westchester schools with their prize posters

ONE DAY in May three Juniors of Frederick County, Virginia, one chosen from a county school and two from the Winchester schools, went with their Chapter Secretary to the State School for the Deaf and Blind at Staunton to present a check of \$100 for a school museum. No one had dreamed, when all the schools started dropping pennies and nickels into "Sacrifice Boxes," that they would ever have that much. Many of the children brought eggs or potatoes from home and sold them. Others had sold garden seeds and flowers. The Woodbine School reported, "We gathered walnuts from the trees on the school grounds and also brought some from home to sell. We made candy, too, and sold it in the community until we had four dollars."

At Staunton the three Juniors went all through the school and saw the blind children at work. Then they went to the assembly room and were really thrilled by the lovely music and readings given in their honor. At the end of the program they presented the check themselves. The school had long wanted to start a museum, and everyone was delighted. The blind children gave the visitors a big box of articles they had made in their classrooms.

A COMMITTEE of Sacramento Juniors presented two editions of "Friends in Strange Garments," by Miss Upjohn, which the San Francisco Juniors sent to the California State Library for its collection for blind readers. The Brailled volumes reached San Francisco just in time to be shown at the third Junior Red Cross Round Table of all the schools in April. On page 21 you will see a picture of the committee which delivered a third edition in Berkeley. Grattan, Commodore Sloat and Francisco Junior High were the schools responsible for these gifts.

WHEN a member of the Boston Junior Red Cross staff visited one school last fall the boys in the manual training class were busy making small wooden sleds, little wooden hens and



Juniors of the Grammar School in Libue, Hawaii, raised \$83.42 to buy milk for undernourished children

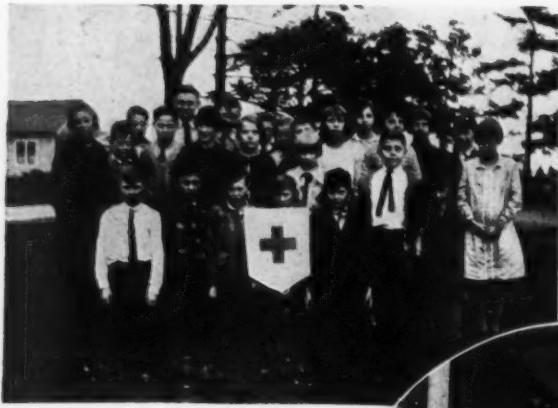
tiny yellow chicks, to go in the Christmas boxes.

A BOX of nuts came as a "thank you" for Christmas boxes from Greek Juniors in the Isle of Crete to Mineola, New York. They were distributed among all the schools. There were several copies of the Greek Junior magazine, too, with translations. Several of the items were published in the Nassau County Junior News Letter.

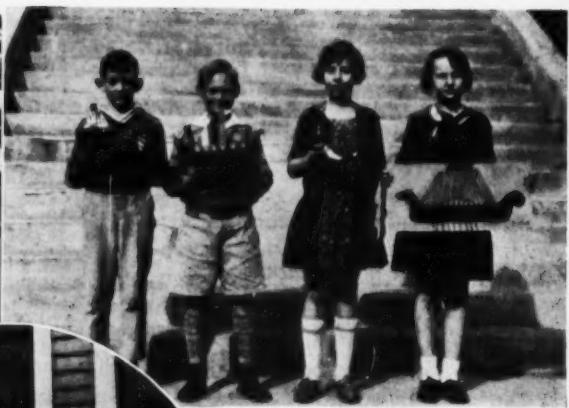
P. S. NO. 130, Brooklyn, N. Y., sent the Red Cross a check for \$33.36 last April for the Alabama flood sufferers. There were no special Junior operations in the flooded southern states last spring, but many groups sent in contributions for the general relief work.

THOUGH the West Indies hurricane came last September, it was not until summer that some of the colored schools in Palm Beach County, Florida, were ready to reopen. So the last Junior gifts were made then. Libraries of 86 books each were presented to ten elementary schools and two to the Industrial High School at West Palm Beach. A special gift of laboratory equipment was made to the high school for the science classes.

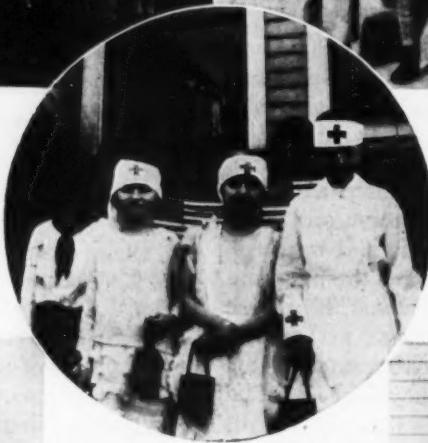
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THE Juniors of the McCutchanville School, Indiana, (above) did many nice things last year. They sent eight dozen fresh eggs to sick people at Christmas—which is a good activity for any time of the year. They also provided Christmas decorations for the local home for old people, and Valentine boxes of home-made candy for neighborhood shut-ins.



FOUR Juniors from the Inman School in Atlanta, Ga., who did the best work in their class study of the Vikings. (Above.)



BATON ROUGE, La., has a Swimming and Life Saving program each summer which is wound up with a "Splash Day" in the fall. Below are some of the young swimmers.



THE Council of the colored school Juniors of Roseboro, N. C., (above) with their 100 per cent enrollment certificate. They have had the certificate framed and hung on the school wall. The Council members use parliamentary law in their meetings; they like to sing and have several Junior songs. The Council is directing the beautifying of the school grounds.



MISS Spinach, Miss Orange, Miss Lettuce (above). They are three Juniors of the Fort Belknap Indian Boarding School, in Harlem, Montana. The school gave a health play for the Harlem Woman's Club. Most of the Juniors in the play were only six and had been in school only one year.



Junior

Doings

